WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

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ASSAD AND ALANE,

OR THE NOBLEST MAN.——A TALE.

[CONTINUED.

AS they approached the cottage he gently claſped her hand in his; but he again looſed it, and both, without having ſpoken a word to each other, entered the houſe, and joined the company there.

Alane this morning, ſtood as before, at a diſtance, and took no part in the converſation but by glances and ſighs. Aſſad could no longer delay his departure, but it always ſeemed to him as if he had forgotten ſomething, or omitted to ſay what was of greateſt importance to be ſaid. It was the ſame with Alane; ſhe wiſhed to aſk him to ſay, whiſpered to herſelf the words in which ſhe would invite him, but yet never pronounced them. When he at laſt had reſolved to go, ſhe brought him his bow and quiver, the former of which ſhe had decorated with flowers ſhe had gathered that morning, but not preſented to him from diffidence. Aſſad looked firſt at the flowers, and then at Alane, who ſtood by bluſhing. With earneſt anxious eye he gazed on her, for his heart told him that he loved her.

All now wiſhed him a ſafe journey home, but Alane, who, confuſed and embarraſſed, ſaid nothing. Aſſad went up to her.---"Does Alane alone," ſaid he, "not wiſh me a good journey?" She looked at him, caſt down her eyes, and ſaid, with a low and tremulous voice, "Will you come again, Helim?"--(ſuch was the name Aſſad had aſſumed)---"I will come again," ſaid Aſſad with earneſtneſs, and in a tone of voice which appeared to Alane ſignificant. A ray of joy, inſpired by hope, beamed in the heavenly eyes of the artleſs maiden.

Aſſad took his way, with a heart filled with all the diſquietude of love, through the avenue of palm trees to the wood. Often he turned his eyes towards the cottage, and ſtill ſaw Alane ſtanding on a hill, and looking after him. Fancy continually preſented to him her image. She walked with him, looking as he had laſt ſeen her, tenderly penſive, and aſked him a thouſand times "Will you come again, Helim?" At every ſhady place he ſat himſelf down, imagined he held Alane in his arms, diſcovered to her who he was, formed a thouſand plans to call her his; but, ah! he racked his invention to effect impoſſibility. Thus, at length, he reached his home, with a heart filled with the moſt ardent love.

He now received with uneaſineſs and inattention the leſſons of his teachers. When he went to hunt the lion he was abſorbed in thought, and found no pleaſure in the exerciſe. With his head reclined on his hand he ſat in the copſe; the hind ſprung up near him; he ſeized his bow, but immediately caſt it from him, to think again on the beauteous Alane. His diſquietude at length threw him into the arms of the ſage Molhem. Without naming to him Alane, he exclaimed with anxious perturbation---"Can the throne deſerve ſo great ſacrifice?" The repreſentations and admonitions of his tutor filled his heart with pain, and had their effect on his underſtanding; but they could not give him the will to make this great ſacrifice even for the throne. Duty obtained the victory, but love was not vanquiſhed, but became only more powerful by every defeat. He wiſhed to baniſh all remembrance of Alane, but he thought only of her. He reſolved never to ſee her again; but he approached every day nearer to the cottage in which ſhe reſided.

At length he could no longer reſiſt; but when he came nearer to the cottage his heart beat with violent emotion. He ſtood for a moment. "What!" ſaid he, with a ſtrong ſenſation of ſhame, "ſhall I break my reſolution?" He was about to return, but Alane ſuddenly came running towards him from the ſhady palm-tree walk, loudly and joyfully exclaiming "Helim! Helim!" When ſhe came within a few paces of him, ſhe ſuddenly ſtopped, with an air of embarraſſment, a deep bluſh overſpread her cheeks. She ſlowly approached him, and ſaid, "My father will be extremely glad to ſee you again Helim."

"And will not Alane be glad too?" ſaid Aſſad. She looked confuſed and diſconcerted at this queſtion, as if ſhe knew not whether to anſwer yes or no.---"Will you not go with me to ſee my father?" aſked ſhe at laſt.---"Not till I know whether you are glad that I am come." She ſmiled, and ſaid, with a deep ſigh, "Yes I am glad."

Aſſad took her hand, and they walked together, without ſpeaking, towards the cottage. They were ſoon perceived by the children playing before it, and welcomed with loud and joyful ſhouts. "Alane and Helim! Helim and Alane!" cried they, running to meet them, and then running back to the houſe, calling at the door, "Here is Helim! Here is Helim."

Aſſad was received in the moſt friendly manner by all the family.---"Are you not very glad that Helim is come again?" ſaid Alane, in a whiſper to her little brother. Aſſad heard her, and ſaw a bluſh tinge her lovely cheek as ſhe ſpoke."

"Helim is come again!" ſaid the child, ſkipping playfully about Alane, "and now he is come I hope you will be again in a good humour, and play with us as you uſed to do, and not go and walk up and down in the dark palm-tree walk?" The boy croſſed his hands on his breaſt, hung his head on his ſhoulder, and walked backwards and forwards, affecting a melancholy air, to jeer his ſiſter.

Aſſad took the child in his arms, and kiſſed him.—"Every day after you was gone," ſaid the little fellow, "Alane was very ſad and ſorrowful. My mother, ſaid, ſhe ſeemed as if ſhe had loſt her huſband, when ſhe uſed to go and ſtand on the hill that looks towards the road you come."—Alane took the boy from Aſſad's arms, ſaying, "Come, I will give you that fine pine-apple I promiſed you; come to me."

"You muſt give me two," ſaid the child: "you know you promiſed me two when Helim came again, and now he is here---The heart of Aſſad overflowed with the pureſt ſenſations of joy and tranſport. Alane took the children away, and remained out a whole hour. Preſently the children came in again, and played about Aſſad, laughing and running away, when he aſked them where Alane was. The youngeſt whiſpered him in his ear, "She has told us not to tell you, and ſhe will give us each a fig."---"I will give you two figs if you will tell me," ſaid Aſſad jeſting.---"No," ſaid the boy, "a fig from Alane is better than two from you!"--Aſſad kiſſed the child with all the ardor of delighted love.

Alane at length returned, with an air of ſeriouſneſs and conſtraint in her countenance. She purpoſely avoided looking towards Aſſad, though ſhe could not preſerve her eyes from ſtealing ſome glances when unobſerved.

"You will lodge with us again to-night?" ſaid the old man to Aſſad.

Alane fixed her eyes on Aſſad's lips.

"If my ſtay ſhould be agreeable to Alane," replied Aſſad.

Alane bluſhed, her brother's wife laughed, and the old man ſaid---"Helim, you will not deſpiſe my daughter becauſe ſhe has a heart? among us all ſhe loves you moſt."

"Dear father!" ſaid Alane, confuſed, and roſe from her ſeat.

"Why ſhould I not ſay ſo, child?" ſaid the old man, taking hold of her hand "Thou feeleſt thou art alone, and needeſt not bluſh at the ſenſibility which the lord of life hath given thee."

Alane caſt a haſty glance at Aſſad, ſighed, and left the room.

"Ah!" ſaid the little boy, "Helim is here now, yet Alane is gone to walk under the palm trees."

"Let her go," ſaid the old man, with a ſmile; "the time will come when you will be as fond of being alone."

Aſſad threw himſelf at the feet of the old man, who looked ſmilingly on him, while tears at the ſame time preſſed into his eyes---"My ſon!" exclaimed he, with a voice expreſſive of the tenderneſt emotion, and immediately left him, and retired into an adjoining chamber.

Aſſad followed Alane, and ſhe felt herſelf ſeized with a trembling when ſhe ſaw him coming. He went up to her, took her hand, preſſed it to his heart, and, with a look of rapturous love, "O beauteous innocent maiden!" ſaid he, would Heavan grant———."

He ſaid no more, but caſt on her a mournful look. Alane met his eyes with a delicate confuſion, and without withdrawing her hand from his, ſaid to him, "Yes Helim, what the prattle of my little brother intimated is true; what my father told you is true. The days when I ſaw thee not ſeemed to me melancholy and tedious; thy image was preſent with me, both walking and dreaming; I felt a delicious longing for thy return; and to-day, when you came, my heart was ready to leap forth to meet you with inexpreſſible tranſport. Is this love? I know not. My father ſays it is; and my brother and my brother's wife ſay ſo too. My father thinks I need not bluſh for the ſentiments of my heart. Indeed," added ſhe, in a faultering tone, "I believe I love you."

"O divine innocence!" exclaimed Aſſad, as he claſped the ingenious maiden in his arms, and preſſed her to his heart, "Receive, deareſt

Alane! my confeſſion of the pureſt love; receive, in the preſence of the Eternal Source of love and truth, my moſt ſacred vow!"---a cloud overſpread his countenance as he uttered the laſt words, and his eyes filled with tears. He claſped his hands to his forehead, and ſtaggered, overpowered by his feelings, to a tree near which he ſtood.---"O Heaven!" exclaimed he, "with a heart-rending ſigh, why am I the heir to a throne? Why am I not the inhabitant of a poor and lowly cottage?"

He ſat him down, overwhelmed with anguiſh. Alane viewed him with alarm and foreboding apprehenſion. She ſtood the image of deſpondency---tears trickled down her cheek---and her head ſank on her breaſt, which heaved with heavy ſighs.

Aſſad looked up, and ſaw grief and fear depictured in the countenance of the lovely maiden.---"No!" exclaimed he, "I cannot make thee happy; but neither will I deceive thee."---He ſtarted up, and ſaid, in a tone of the ſevereſt anguiſh, "Alane!"---He could ſay no more, tears ſtifled his words."

A heavy ſigh again heaved the breaſt of Alane, after which a gleam of returning luſtre illuminated her eyes.---"You wiſh," ſaid ſhe, "to declare to me my unhappineſs?---Speak I can ſuffer."

"I love thee, Alane!" reſumed Aſſad; "but fate, cruel fate!----My heart, inflamed with love for thee, is thine, and thine alone; but my hand muſt be diſpoſed of by other circumſtances."

"Muſt! Muſt it be ſo?" ſaid Alane, and dried her eyes.

"It muſt.---A ſevere and inflexible deſtiny has rendered it my moſt ſacred duty."

Alane kiſſed the lips of the youth, and ſaid to him with a ſigh of heart-felt ſorrow, "This love gives thee; the fulfilment of thy duty will beſtow on thee ſtill more---tranquility through life, and peace in death. Come, Helim, let us go."

She put her trembling hand in his, and led him ſlowly back to the cottage. When they entered, Alane aſſumed a conſtrained ſmile; and with an aching heart, ſaid to her father, "I thank thee that thou haſt taught me to love virtue more than myſelf."

[To be continued.

HISTORICAL SKETCH.

THE ancient inhabitants of the Canary Iſlands had the following method of embalming:---The dead body was depoſited in a cavity, adapted to its ſize, hewn out of a rock. The ſtone being of a porous nature, the animal juices were abſorbed, or filtered through, and the ſolid parts, with their natural ſkimmy mantle, became indurated, by a proceſs of natural embalming, to ſuch a degree as to reſiſt the future aſſaults of time. They are ſtill exhibited, by the natives of thoſe iſlands, to ſtrangers who viſit them, with emotions of pride and veneration, as the images of their illuſtrious anceſtors were oſtentatiouſly diſplayed by the patrician families of Rome.

REVENGE.

The Favorite of a Sultan threw a ſtone at a poor Derviſe who had requeſted an alms. The inſulted Santon dare not complain, but carefully ſearched for and preſerved the pebble, promiſing himſelf that he ſhould find an opportunity, ſooner or later, to throw it in his turn at this imperious and pitiful wretch. Some time after, he was told the favorite was diſgraced, and by order of the Sultan, led through the ſtreets on a camel, expoſed to the inſults of the populace. On hearing this, the Derviſe ran to fetch his pebble; but, after a moment's reflection, caſt it into a well. "I now perceive," ſaid he, "that we ought never ſeek revenge when our enemy is powerful, for then it is imprudent; nor when he is involved in calamity, for then it is mean and cruel."

ANECDOTES.

A number of idle fellows, having broken the lamps in a town in the Weſt of Ireland, the magiſtrates, in order to prevent ſuch depredations for the future, ordered that the lamps ſhould be taken down by night, and put up by day.

THE Firſt Conſul, in his anſwer to the congratulatory addreſs of the citizens of Marſeilles, ſays, "the Po is now open to them, and they have an ample opportunity of furniſhing their Soap to Italy, and a conſiderable part of Germany, for the purpoſe we ſuppoſe of waſhing away the remembrance of their misfortunes.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

LINES TO A COQUETTE.

YES, we will part,---theſe ſtifled ſighs
Shall ſmother every ſpark of fire,
Which thoſe two Heaven-created eyes
Seem ſtill ſo willing to inſpire.

Perhaps, dear girl, you'll aſk what crime
Could thus ſo ſuddenly ſubdue
A flame ſo ardent, ſo ſublime,
As that which once I felt for you?

No crime, no ſin,----perhaps mankind
May laugh at ſcruples I regret:
Sweet maid, as I am not quite blind,
I feel you are a true coquette.

Then flaunt along the crowded ſtreet,
Attract all eyes too if you can,
Charm every coxcomb that you meet,
And only loſe----an honeſt man.

And when your fading roſes fly,
Your lilies are no longer ſeen,
Ah! may you ne'er have cauſe to ſay
How very fooliſh you have been.

ON THE SEASONS.

SEE the trees are undreſt and the leaf quits the ſpray,
While the cool morn and eve for the Winter makes way,
The fields are diſmantled, the harveſt is o'er,
And the fruits of rich Autumn delight us no more,
Yet the man who has labor'd in ſeaſons of toil,
All the terrors of Winter can meet with a ſmile.

Be wiſe then, ye youth, and your ſeaſons improve,
The dictates of Wiſdom, are mandates of love,
To the hand that ſupports you, with caution attend,
Enjoying his gifts make the donor your friend,
In the ſpring time of life ſow the ſeeds of delight,
And the horrors of Winter ſhall ceaſe to affright.

In the Summer with care make your harveſt ſecure,
Mend your fences, and toil without murmur endure,
Seek early and find, perſevere and enjoy,
Make virtue your object, your aim, your employ,
The allurements of ſenſe, with due caution behold,
And the winter of life ſhall not chill you with cold.

The day-light may ſhorten, and cold chill the air,
The verdure decay, and the foreſt lay bare,
The ſoil be encruſted, and tempeſts prevail,
Hoary froſt, chilling ſnow, and loud clattering hail,
But the man who his ſeaſons has rightly improv'd,
May behold the tranſitions, and tempeſts unmov'd.

[Vermont Gaz.

SONG,

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

Should you aſk me what female deſert I require
To reliſh the conjugal life;
Not beauty, nor titles, nor wealth I deſire,
To bias my choice in a wife.

The charms of the face may occaſion a ſigh;
The coſtly allurements of art
May yield a ſhort moment of joy to the eye--
But give no delight to the heart.

Would equipage, ſplendor, or noble deſcent,
Bring comfort, wherever they fall;
Could theſe add a drop to the cup of content,
I'd gladly partake of them all.

But vain the aſſiſtance proud riches beſtow,
The raptures and joys they impart,
To ſoften the painful reflection of woe,
Or baniſh diſtreſs from the heart.

Then give me the temper unclouded and gay,
The countenance ever ſerene,
To cheer with ſweet converſe, as youth wears away,
And diſſipate anger and ſpleen:

Whoſe ſmiles may endear and enliven the hours
Retirement ſhall oft ſet apart;
Whoſe virtue may ſooth when diſquietude ſours,
And tenderneſs cheriſh the heart.

For Fortune, be honor, her portion aſſign'd;
For Beauty, bright Health's roſeate bloom:
Let Juſtice and Candor ennoble her mind,
And Cheerfulneſs ſorrow conſume.

Thus form'd, would ſhe ſhare with me life's little ſtore,
Its mixture of pleaſure and ſmart;
She'd ever continue till both were no more,
The conſtant delight of my heart.

FRAGMENT.

****** HE ſtood ſome minutes before the door waiting for admiſſion.---I advanced to lift the latch, and beheld the victim of diſeaſe and misfortune. Follow me, Sir, my heart knows how to pity the miſerable. He dragged his palſied limbs into the parlour; and ſeated himſelf. Was there an extravagant and diſſipated man preſent, thought I, how great would be the pleaſure he might now taſte, by relieving this worthy object; ſuperior to all his noiſy and enervating joys! How grateful the ſenſation that follow an act of benevolence! The miſerable votary of ſenſuality knows nothing of it. Well, I ſaw him depart with ſatisfaction in his countenance, and a heart of gratitude. When you ſee a poor wretch in the ſtreet, think, that, although fortune now ſmiles, her capricious whims may render you low, as the object who aſks your charity.---

DEPRAVED APPETITE.

A French Paper gives the following extraordinary account:--

"A young man of the neighbourhood of Lyons, of the name of Tarare, and who in early life was a waterman, took delight in ſwallowing pebbles; great pieces of raw meat, however filthy; whole baſkets full of fruit; knives, and even living creatures; nothing could induce him to abjure that pernicious habit, which ſoon became natural to him.---At the beginning of the revolutionary war he enliſted in a battalion of the army ſerving on the Rhine; and he always reſorted to the outſide of a military infirmary for the food which ſuited his palate!---He would quarrel with the pigs for their diſguſting meat; he was always running after cats, dogs, and ſerpents, which he devoured alive.---It became neceſſary to drive him away by force from the rooms where the dead bodies were depoſited, and from the place where the blood, drawn from the ſick, was laid by for the inſpection of the ſurgeons.---One day, however, a child of 16 months old was miſſing, and Tarare ran away as ſoon as it was diſcovered; but in the 6th year of the republic he was admitted into the hoſpital of Verſailles, in the laſt ſtage of a decline, which, he ſaid, proceeded from his having once ſwallowed a ſilver fork! There did he ſurrender his monſtrous exiſtence!"

EFFECT OF A COSMETIC.

A very curious occurrence lately took place at the bath of Baden in Auſtria. A lady, who was remarkable for the beauty of her complexion, repaired to the baths in an elegant negligé. She had hardly dipped her hands into the water; before ſhe perceived that they were become perfectly black.---She was unable to account for this; but determined not to expoſe herſelf to the laughter of her companions, ſhe ritired to a corner of the bath, and undreſt herſelf, intending to waſh off the blackneſs; when ſhe got into the water, in which ſhe immediately jumped up to her chin. On coming out of the water, ſhe found her boſom, her neck and part of her chin, metamorphoſed into thoſe of a negro's. This dreadful event occaſioned the greateſt conſternation in her mind; and ſhe called in the aſſiſtance of her friends; but it was many days before they could ſucceed perfectly in waſhing the black-a-moor white. The cauſe of the phenomenon is well known to alchemiſts, to be in the property of the Baden waters, of blackening all metals; and the lady had been employing coſmetics, into the compoſition of which metalic ſubſtances had entered.

ANECDOTES.

"SHAKSPEARE was performing the part of a King, in one of his own Tragedies; ſtanding near the Queen's Box, and having given his orders to the attending officers, ELIZABETH, wiſhing to know whether he would depart from the dignity of the Sovereign, at that inſtant dropped her handkerchief, when the mimic monarch immediately exclaimed---

"----------" But ere this be done.
"Take up our SISTER's handkerchief."

POPE Alexander the VIII. being wrought upon by the Spaniſh Ambaſſador to declare war againſt France, the Ambaſſador, as an inducement, told him that France was in a ſinking condition, that it was impoſſible for her to hold out againſt ſo many combined powers, and that the King was no longer able to maintain his armies. "'Tis true he has not," replied the Pope, "'tis true he has not the power of maintaining them himſelf, but he has got a trick of forcing his neighbors to do it for him."

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1802.

Return of Deaths in this city, for the week ending the 27th ult.

Diſorders not mentioned 9, Dropſy 2, accidentally fell out of a window 1, Still Born 1, Hives 1, Fits 1, Chin Cough 1, Small Pox 1, Conſumption 1, Hooping Cough 1, Nervous Fever 1, Intemperance 1, Aſthma 1, Gravel 1, Decline 2, Adults 12, Children 13. Total 25,

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It is neceſſary to caution the public againſt a gang of villains who it appears are infeſting the city, and have already commenced their operations. On Saturday evening a gentleman's great coat and hat were ſtolen from the hall of a dwelling houſe in Pearl-ſtreet; and on Saturday morning an attempt was made to enter a whole-ſale ſtore in the ſame neighbourhood by means of a falſe key; but not fitting the lock, it ſtuck faſt, and the thieves thought proper to decamp leaving the key in the door.

On Saturday night about midnight, the Office of Meſſrs. Boyd and Dey, in Pine-ſtreet, was entered by ſome villains, who unlocked a drawer, containing money, and carried with him the drawer and its contents.

Congreſs meets on Monday next---Several members from the Eaſtward have paſſed through this city on their way to the city of Waſhington.

Laſt Sunday evening, a Charity Sermon was preached in the New Dutch Church, by the Rev. Dr Linn; and 475 dollars and 49 cents collected for the benefit of the Charity School.

On Friday, the 19th ult. an extremely melancholy occurrence happened at Cedar Creek, Dover townſhip, county of Monmouth, N. J. A ſon of Daniel Williams, about 14 years of age, went out early in the morning to go to his rabbit traps at ſome diſtance from the houſe. Being abſent longer than uſual, his mother became uneaſy, and at length ſent in ſearch of him, when he was found in a little thicket---murdered---ſeveral ſtrokes with the eye of an axe on his head, and others with the edge on his neck one of which had ſevered the bone and apparently cauſed his death. The axe with which the murder had been committed was laying by him. A coroner's inqueſt was held over the body---verdict, "wilful murder by ſome perſon or perſons unknown." As the deceaſed boy was always remarkably civil and quiet, it cannot be conjectured what led to the commiſſion of this horrid act. We are told, a perſon (who was one of the inqueſt) has ſince been apprehended on ſuſpicion. Trent. pap.

We are informed that the Executive has received advice, that the port of New-Orleans has been cloſed againſt foreign veſſels from the ocean, including American, and that the right of depoſiting American property there has been prohibited, without any other eſtabliſhment being aſſigned in lieu of it. The right to export property before depoſited was excepted from the prohibition. Theſe regulations, ſo contrary to our treaty with Spain, were publiſhed, at New-Orleans, by the Intendant, on the 17th October laſt. National Intel.

Late from St. Domingo.

On Monday arrived at Philadelphia, the brig Joſeph and James, Capt. Watſon, from Port Republican, which he left the ſecond ult.---Capt. Watſon mentions that it was not ſo ſickly as it has been; but notwithſtanding which, the fever ſtill makes ravages among the European ſoldiers.

At St. Marks, the French growing jealous of the black troops in their pay, drew up 600 of them and ſurrounded them, with an intention of diſarming them; but the negroes refuſed to deliver up their arms, and fired on the ſurrounding troops, which they returned, and every negro was maſſacred on the ſpot!

Cruelty ſeems to be the order of the day at Hiſpaniola. A few days before capt. W. ſailed, a brigand boat was taken and brought in---all the brigands except two were killed---one of thoſe brought in ſaid, that they had, ſome little time before, taken a ſchooner full of white women, all of whom they put to death; and that his comrade, who then lay wounded near him, had with the worm fixed on his ramrod, twiſted out the eyes of ſeveral of the white women while alive.

On coming thro' the Bite of Leogane, he ſaw a great number of dead negroes, and ſome few whites, floating in the ſea, and he was told that a ſchooner weekly and perhaps oftener, at Port-Republican took 100 or 150 negroes on board, carried them out of the port, and on the firſt or ſecond night ſtifled them, by burning brimſtone in the hold, and then threw the bodies overboard. We have been told ſomething of the ſame kind was ſuppoſed to be practiſed at the Cape---A brig there frequently took a number of blacks on board, went to ſea, and in a few days returned empty, what become of them, our informant did not pretend to ſay.

FROM GUADALOUPE.

The Newburyport Herald ſays---"capt. Bunting, arrived yeſterday, has told us the ſituation of the iſland in ſome meaſure, which is horrid indeed; confuſion and pillage, bloodſhed and murder, is the order of the day---the inſurgents do actually gain ground, and captain B ſpeaks of it as his opinion, that if freſh troops do not ſhortly arrives the blacks will have poſſeſſion of the iſland. To minute the ſhocking tranſactions that daily occur would be too tedious. They have extended their ravages to Point Peter, but at St. Ann's, a ſmall town about 15 miles from there, a maſſacre of the inhabitants, without regard to age or ſex, took place about the middle of October---hanging and ſhooting of the blacks has become ſo common, that the ſpectator there is hardly actuated by emotions of aſtoniſhment at the ſcene---180 of thoſe wretches were executed at one time, at Baſſe-terre, about a week before captain Bunting ſailed. The fever is ſtill making its ravages, not only among the French troops, but on the Americans there. Markets are tolerable good.

At the execution of Cleveaux, at St. Pierres, Gaudaloupe, all the blacks who attended in the Hoſpitals both male and female, were paraded at the place of execution, when the commandant pointed at one of them as they ſtood in ranks, and he was taken off by the guards; then at another, and ſo on, till he was ſatisfied; when they were led off, in a ſhort time, without trial, or perhaps even a reaſon why, they were ſhot like ſo many wild beaſts. For this conduct, the world is told that when a French ſoldier died at the Hoſpital, the negroes who carried him off for burial, put him in a hand-barrow, and under him contrived to hide his arms and accoutrements with a quantity of cartridges, which were all laid with the dead ſoldiers in the grave or pit, which was dug on the outſide of the town, there the rebel blacks came in the night, and ſarniſhed themſelves with whatever they could find.

CHAMBERSBURG Nov. 17.

On Saturday morning laſt, at the houſe of Doctor Robert Johnſton, near Green-Caſtle, in this country, Colonel Edward Bartholomew, from near Philadelphia, was unfortunately killed by a piſtol, accidently going off in the hands of his ſon-in-law, Jonathan Henderſon, Eſq. of Huntingdon. The circumſtances attending this truly melancholy accident, as far as we have learned, are, that Colonel Bartholomew and Mr. Henderſon, were at the door, about to depart from the Doctor's, when Mr. Henderſon having a piſtol in each hand for the purpoſe of placing them in his holſters, went to put them both in one hand in order to ſhake hands with ſome of the family; and when they came into contract, one of them diſcharged, and ſhot the deceaſed, who was ſtanding but a few ſteps from the muzzle, through the bowels.---He expired in about two hours after he received the wound, perfectly ſenſible, exhorting Mr. Henderſon not to reflect upon himſelf for what had happened. But who can paint his feelings!--

"Pierc'd by ſevere amazement, hating life,
Speechleſs, and fix'd in all the death of woe."

OBSERVATION.

SUBORDINATION is the life of ſociety, and muſt be enjoined by all good laws. Thoſe who will not obſerve it are fit only to live in deſarts, as they break that Union which is neceſſary in all communities. The idea that all men ſhould be equal is as pernicious as it is abſurd. It tends to ſubvert all order; and where it takes place for one inſtant of time, muſt be changed in another: ſince all men are neither equally ſtrong, valiant nor prudent. As to thoſe reſtleſs ſpirits, who pretend to deſpiſe all laws, and excite others to reſiſt the legal government, and break through the rules preſcribed by the conſtitution of their country, the ſword is juſtly applied to ſuch, as it is better they ſhould periſh, than that by their raſhneſs the whole community ſhould be endangered.

COURT OF HYMEN.

BLEST ſtate! where ills no more annoy;
Where Heav'n the flame approves;
Where beats the heart to nought but joy,
And ever lives and loves!

MARRIED.

At Philadelphia, Major RICHARD DENNIS, of Savannah, to Miſs HARRIOT ELIZA DUFFIELD, daughter of Mr. John Duffield of that city.

On Saturday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Miller, Mr. JOHN BLEECKER to Miſs PHEBE SMITH, daughter of the late Melancton Smith Eſq,

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Caldwell, Mr. WILLIAM SELL, merchant, to Miſs. ORPHA RICH

DIED,

On Friday the 5th ult. in her 52d year, of a lingering and painful conſumption, Mrs MARY BOSTWICK.

At Bridge-town, N. J. on the 22d ult. of a lingering illneſs Mr. JOSEPH HAYDOCK, merchant of this city---a gentleman whoſe amiable diſpoſition had ſecured him the warm attachment of an extenſive circle of acquaintance.

Suddenly, on Monday morning, in the 27th year of his age, Mr. BRICE LITTLE, of the houſe of Meſſrs. Denton, Little & Co. merchants, of this city.

☞ Several communications received this and the laſt week, are under conſideration.------- The "ELEGY in Memory of JONATHAN D. CLEMENT," ſhall appear next Saturday.

☞ To morrow evening a CHARITY SERMON will be preached in the North Church, and a collection made for the benefit of the Charity School.

THEATRE.

On Monday evening, will be preſented, the Comedy of

Much ado about Nothing,

To which will be added the Entertainment of

St. Patrick's Day,

Or the Scheming Lieutenant.

NOTICE.---The ſubſcriber, in conſequence of a Note directed to the Public, dated September, 30th, 1802, reſpecting the Furriers in William-Street palming dyed muffs and tippets on the public as the genuine and natural color of the fur, did promiſe and engage (after giving directions how to diſcover ſaid impoſition) that any one deceived as aforeſaid, would call at No. 84 Maiden-Lane, or No 1 Liberty-Street, that he would diſcover the dyed or colored from the natural ſhade of any kind whatſoever; takes the liberty to inform the public in general, that the Fur Dyer in William-Street has varied his practice, ſo as to darken the hair and the ſkin its natural color, which diſcovery was lately made by me in the following manner, viz: Mrs Rodgers, reſiding in State-Street, No. 5, having purchaſed a dyed tippet of Mr. John Wendel, No 118 William-Street, for the genuine, and ſuppoſing herſelf deceived in the purchaſe, after paying thirty five dollars for the ſame, called on me to inſpect it, which I found to be dyed, and not the natural ſhade; and to convince the lady that I was not miſtaken, I ſent for Mr Hartung, furrier in Maiden-Lane, who pronounced the ſaid tippet to be dyed, the color coming off when rubbed with a white cloth.---The lady immediately repaired to ſaid Wendel's ſhop, who refunded the money and took back the tippet. Some of my readers may not underſtand the reaſon why fur dying can be of benefit; which I will here take the liberty of explaining---the darkeſt fur, to wit Martin, eſpecially, coſt the furrier three dollars a piece, at the ſame time the light colored may be purchaſed at five ſhillings, the ſkins being nearly equal in ſize; therefore the profits on dyed Martin muſt be enormous, if palmed upon the buyer as genuine. Bear fur has likewiſe been dyed in William-Street, and although my former direction namely, blowing on the fur to diſcover whether it is dyed, may fail yet the white kid glove by being rubbed over will become ſtained, and remain a ſure rule to diſcover the fraud. CARL A. HOFFMANN.

COURT OF AOPLLO.

LORD WILLIAM.

BY R. SOUTHEY.

[Concluded.]

HE ſtarted up, each limb convuls'd
With agonizing fear;
He only heard the ſtorm of night—
'Twas muſic to his ear.

When lo! the voice of loud alarm
His inmoſt ſoul appals:
What, ho! lord William! riſe in haſte,
The water ſaps thy walls.

He, roſe in haſte; beneath the walls
He ſaw the flood appear;
It hemm'd him round, 'twas midnight now,
No human aid was near.

He heard the ſhouts of joy, for now
A boat approach'd the wall,
And eager to the welcome aid
They crowd for ſafety all.

My boat is ſmall, the boatman cried,
This dang'rous haſte forbear;
Wait other aid, this little boat
But one from hence can bear.

Lord William leapt into the boat,
Haſte, Haſte to yonder ſhore,
And ample wealth ſhall well reward,
Ply ſwift and ſtrong the oar.

The boatman plied the oar, the boat
Went light along the ſtream;
Sudden, lord William heard a cry,
Like Edmund's drowning ſcream.

The boatman paus'd—methought I heard
A child's diſtreſsful cry!
'Twas but the howling wind of night,
Lord William made reply.

Haſte, haſte, ply ſwift and ſtrong the oar,
Haſte, haſte acroſs the ſtream;
Again Lord William heard a cry,
Like Edmund's drowning ſcream.

I heard a child's diſtreſsful ſcream,
The boatman cried again;
Nay, haſten on, the night is dark,
And we ſhould ſearch in vain.

Oh, God! Lord William, doſt thou know
How dreadful 'tis to die?
And canſt thou, without pity, hear
A child's expiring cry!

Moſt horrible it is to ſink,
Beneath the chilly ſtream,
To ſtretch the pow'rleſs arms in vain,
In vain for help to ſcream!

The ſhriek again was heard, it came
More deep, more piercing loud,
That inſtant o'er the flood, the moon
Shone through a broken cloud.

And near them, they beheld a child,
Upon a crag he ſtood,
A little crag, and all around
Was ſpread the riſing flood.

The boatman plied the oar, the boat
Approach'd his reſting place,
The moon beam ſhone upon the child,
And ſhew'd how pale his face.

Now reach thine hand, the boatman cried,
Lord William, reach, and ſave;
The child ſtretch'd forth his little hands,
To graſp the hand he gave.

Then William ſhrieks! the hand he touch'd
Was cold, and damp, and dead;
He felt young Edmund in his arms
A heavier weight than lead.

The boat ſunk down, the murd'rer ſunk
Beneath th' avenging ſtream;
He roſe, he ſcream'd—no human ear
Heard William's drowning ſcream!

MORALIST.

THIS world by ſome is conſidered as a place deſtitute of every kind of real pleaſure, and where nothing but ſorrow awaits the unfortunate children of men. Life by them is reckoned a ſeaſon in which we experience little elſe than vexation, where happineſs can never be found, and where every hope or expectation will be inevitably blaſted by diſappointment. Yet, if when the mind is calm and peaceful we impartially examine our ſituation, we ſhall find that our preſent ſtate is far from being ſo unhappy as is imagined, and that whether we enjoy life or not, depends for the moſt part on our conduct and diſpoſition. To the heart which is calm and cheerful, Nature conſtantly appears agreeable; on every ſide new beauties will ſpring up to delight it, and every pleaſure, however trifling, will at leaſt afford it ſome gratification. But if the diſpoſition is ſplenetic and impatient, it will ever find ſome cauſe for diſcontent and ill-humor; to it every joy will be incapable of affording any ſatisfaction, and each object, though ever ſo inviting, will appear enveloped in darkneſs and gloom.

SARAH GUNN,

No 128 WILLIAM STREET,

Takes the liberty of informing the Ladies that ſhe has received another BOX of made-up Millinery by the late arrival from Bordeaux of the ſhip Swift, containing Bonnets, Caps, and Faſhionable Head Dreſſes for the Aſſemblies.

November 20. 4w

CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

Juſt publiſhed, and to be had at Fenelon's Head, No. 1 of the City Hotel, Broadway, a SUPPLEMENT to the CATALOGUE of H. CARITAT's general and encreaſing Circulating Library, part III, containing a ſelection from his laſt importations of the lateſt and moſt approved books in all ARTS and SCIENCES, being a continuation of the original collection, the firſt catalogue of which was publiſhed in the year 1799, to be had alſo at ſaid Library to make the preſent complete. 28th Auguſt.

DOCTOR CHURCH'S GENUINE VEGETABLE LOTION,

is an effectual cure for

ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE AND SKIN,

Particularly Pimples, Blotches, Tetters, Ringworms, Tan, Freckles, Sun-burns, Shingles, Redneſs of the Noſe, Neck or Arms, and Prickley Heat, Scorbutic and cutaneous Eruptions of every deſcription.

This Vegetable Lotion is invented by Dr. Church, and adminiſtered by him for ſeveral years in Europe and America with the moſt unparalleled ſucceſs. By the ſimple application of this fluid night and morning, or occaſionally thrice a day, it will remove the moſt rancorous and alarming ſcurvy in the face. It is perfectly ſafe, yet powerful, and poſſeſſes all the good qualities of the moſt celebrated Coſmetics, without any of their doubtful and ſometimes dangerous effects. The proprietor, therefore, recommends it with confidence as a neceſſary and almoſt indiſpenſable appendage to the toilet, in lieu of the common waſh,

CREAM DRAWN FROM VIOLETS AND MILK FROM ROSES!!!

A rough, uneven ſkin its ſhining appearance, and yellow and ſickly paleneſs, are by this Lotion effectually removed. In the Shingles and Prickly Heat it is infallible. Suffice it however to ſay,

It has been adminiſtered to many thouſands without even a ſingle complaint of its inefficacy.

A ſmall bottle, at 75 cents, will be found ſufficient to prove its value——Price, half pints, 75 cents—Pints, one Dollar 25 cents. Nov. 27.

TICE's

Much improved and celebrated Water Proof SHINING LIQUID BLACKING,

For Boots and Shoes, and all Leather that requires to be kept black; is the beſt preſervative and the greateſt beautifier of Leather ever offered to the public. It never corrodes nor cracks the Leather, but renders it ſoft and ſmooth, and never ſoils. Black Morocco that has loſt its luſtre, is reſtored equal to new by the uſe of this blacking. For ſale, wholeſale and retail, (at the prices of the manufacturer, who has removed to Virginia) in bottles, with printed directions for uſe, with J. TICE's ſignature, as none elſe are genuine, by G. CAMP, No 143 Pearl-ſtreet.—June 12.

For ſale by John Harriſſon, No. 3 Peck-ſlip,

BLANKS and BLANK BOOKS of all kinds.

ASA WHITNEY,

Watch and Clock Maker,

BEGS leave to inform his friends and the public, that he has commenced buſineſs at No. 274 Water-ſtreet, where he carries on the above buſineſs in all its branches. Perſons that pleaſe to favor him with their cuſtom, may depend on punctuality and diſpatch. All orders from the country will be thankfully received, and punctually attended to.

NB. On hand good warranted Clocks and Watches, Silver Work and Jewellery Nov. 27. 3w

GEORGE YOULE,

PLUMBER and PEWTERER, No. 298 Water-ſtreet, between Peck and New-ſlips, reſpectfully informs his friends and the public, that he carries on the above buſineſs extenſively; and that any orders with which he may be favored will be executed with punctuality and diſpatch on moderate terms. Sheet Lead manufactured equal to any imported. ☞ Worms for ſtills, Candle Moulds, and a general aſſortment of Pewter Articles.——An Apprentice wanted to the above buſineſs. Oct. 16, 29 1y

Gardner's Genuine Beautifying Lotion

Is acknowledged by many of the moſt eminent of the faculty to be infinitely ſuperior to any other Lotion that ever has been uſed, for ſmoothing and brightening the Skin, giving animation to beauty, and taking off the appearance of old age and decay. It is particularly recommended as an excellent reſtorative for removing and entirely eradicating the deſtructive effects of Rouge, Carmine &c. Thoſe who through inadvertency make too free uſe of thoſe artificial heightners of the bloom, will experience the moſt happy effects from uſing GARDNER's LOTION, as it will reſtore the ſkin to its priſtine beauty, and even increaſe its luſtre. It expeditiouſly and effectually clears the ſkin from every deſcription of blotches, pimples, ringworms, tetters and prickly heat. A continued ſeries of the moſt ſatisfactory experience, has fully proved its ſuper-excellent powers in removing freckles, tan, ſun-burns, redneſs of the neck and arms, &c. and reſtoring the ſkin to its wonted purity. In ſhort, it is the only coſmetic a lady can uſe at her toilette with eaſe and ſafety, or that a gentlemen can have recourſe to, when ſhaving has become a troubleſome operation, by reaſon of eruptive humors on the face.

Prepared and ſold only by William Gardner, perfumer, Newark, and by appointment at Dr Clark's Medicinal Store, No. 159 Broadway, and at Mr. John Canchois's Jewellery Store, No. 196 do ——alſo at Mr. J. Hopkins's, No. 65 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

Price—pints 1 dollar 25 cents—half pints 75 cents.

May 22d, 1 368

TO THE PUBLIC.

A REPORT having prevailed for ſome time, that the FURRIERS, who carry on buſineſs in WILLIAM STREET, have, from time to time, ſold colored or dyed Bear and Martin Skin Muffs and Tippets, and attempted to palm them on the public as the genuine color of the ſkin:——I beg leave thus publicly and ſolemnly to declare, that I never have ſold any ſuch baſe and ſpurious articles; and altho' I cannot deny the probability of ſuch articles having been offered for ſale in the above-mentioned Street, yet I pledge myſelf to my friends, cuſtomers and the public, that none ſuch have, or ever ſhall be offered for ſale in my ſtore. FRANCIS WUNNENBERG.

120 William-Street, Sept. 30, 1802. 27 3m

For the Uſe the Fair Sex.

THE GENUINE FRENCH ALMOND PASTE,

Superior to any thing in the world, for cleaning, whitening and ſoftening the ſkin, remarkably good for chopped hands, to which it gives a moſt exquiſite delicacy—this article is ſo well known it requires no further comment.

Imported and ſold by F. DUBOIS, perfumer, No. 81 William-ſtreet, New-York.

Likewiſe to be had at his Perfumery Store, a complete aſſortment of every article in his line, ſuch as, Pomatums of all ſorts, common and ſcented Hair Powder, a variety of the beſt Soaps and Waſh Balls, Eſſences and Scented Waters, Rouge and Rouge Tablets, Pearl and Face Powder, Almond Powder, Cold Cream, Cream of Naples, Lotion, Milk of Roſes, Aſiatic Balſam for the Hair, Grecian Oil, Greenough Tincture for the Teeth, Artificial Flowers and Wreaths, Plumes and Feathers, Silk and Kid Gloves, Violet and Vanilla Segars, Ladies Work Boxes, Wigs and Friſets, Perfume Cabinets, Razors and Razor Strops of the beſt kind, handſome Dreſſing Caſes for Ladies and Gentlemen complete, Tortoiſe ſhell and Ivory Combs, Swanſdown and Silk Puffs, Pioching and Curling Irons, &c. June 26 13 3m

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